

LAW, AND DISORDER.

DISORDER on a "first night" seems to have reached its climax last Thursday at Wyndham's Theatre, after the curtain had fallen on *The Bride and Bridegroom*, whose honeymoon thus commenced most unfortunately. According to report Mr. ARTHUR LAW's happy pair would have gone off merrily enough, with the old slipper thrown after them for luck, but for the malevolence of the gods (in the gallery), envious of so much human happiness. So with one accord they indulged in the sport of "manager-baiting," which, in the theatrical world, seems to be on a par with "brawling in church" in the ecclesiastical. Such disturbers of the piece as these "first-nighters" ought to be summarily dealt with at a police-court. Of course rowdiness of this kind can never be lawful, and in this particular instance both Law (the author) and Order (which includes courteously-given free admissions to the friends of Law) were undoubtedly on the side of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. In spite of this stormy commencement, it is to be hoped that *Bride and Bridegroom* will enjoy a happy *lune de miel*, and that the "sweet little cherubs" who behaved in so unangelic a fashion "up aloft" will in future show themselves to be the very best of good (gallery) boys, not in opposition to a known Law, and heartily ready to give a hand to "CHARLES his friend."

A SUGGESTION.

(For Sir A. Acland Hood's consideration.)

[Conservative Members, according to Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND, are accused of lethargy, of party disloyalty, of a sullen resentment against the legislative proposals of their leaders, whereas in reality they are merely dissatisfied with the smoking accommodation.]

O GENTLE Whips, forbear to rave!

We do not really mean
Disloyalty: we simply crave
My Lady Nicotine.

Yet always, if we want a whiff,
The smoke-room 's overflowing;
No vacant chair is ever there,
Nor can mere words describe the air,
So off to clubland we repair
To set our Cubas glowing.

The House itself has many a seat
No Members occupy;
Long rows of olive desert meet
The wondering stranger's eye.
We promptly go when So-and-So
On Scottish evenings preaches,
While some there are who frankly say,
When others speak they never stay,
But hurry off as soon as they
Have finished their own speeches.

Instead of being plunged in gloom,
If you had any nous



STARTLING!

Young Mr. Noodle at a suburban dance). "Oh, Miss PETTIFER, NOT TAKING ANYTHING?" (Persuasively) "DO LET ME PRESS A LITTLE JELLY ON YOU!"

You'd make the House the smoking-room,
The smoking-room the House.
We all could thus our weeds discuss
In quarters not unpleasant,
Nor would the House be changed, as folk
Might fancy, by this simple stroke,
For things would still all end in smoke
Precisely as at present.

LEST WE FORGET.

(Some Extracts from our "Lapses of Memory" Correspondence.)

"SYKES" (Portland) writes:—"My case presents an interesting psychological phenomenon. As Lady BULLION's butler I had cleaned the silver daily for fifteen years until March 18 last, when I forgot to put it back."

"CORSAK" (Central Manchuria) says:—"Our squadron had a unique experience. Ordered to advance at the

Yalu—a manoeuvre we had performed correctly hundreds of times at rehearsal—in a moment of aberration we charged for No-Go (25 miles to the rear)."

"STATESMAN" (Oldham) asks:—"A Conservative from birth, a short time ago I accidentally voted with the Opposition on a Free Trade motion, and am now asked to become its Leader. Has a similar mistake ever occurred in Parliament?"

"RING-MASTER" (travelling Hippodrome) writes:—"Our lion, holding my late partner's head in his mouth yesterday afternoon—forgot to keep it open. He had never failed in the trick before."

She Stoops to Conquer.

GIRL (18), country, as under housemaid or house-tablemaid, where lady would be willing to learn.—*Scotsman*.

THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Nor of the times portrayed by Monsieur MALORY,

When, poisoning high in air his barber's pole,
Your lusty knight beneath the ladies' gallery

Took a preliminary caracole,
Then went and got himself severely bruised
So as to keep the pretty dears amused :—

Not of the period dimly pre-Quixotic

When, wearing mail for flannel next the chest,
Heroes half gladiatorial, half erotic,

Rode out upon the thing they called a Quest :—
Not of those days I speak, for I have read
How that CERVANTES, cynic, killed them dead.

I speak of other times and other morals,

An age of Tin replacing that of Steel,

When Chivalry declines to hunt for laurels

By charging ponderously, spur at heel,
On deeds of high emprise down Piccadilly
(Unless it wants to look supremely silly).

Doubtless the better sort would gladly nourish

Those notions which occur in ARTHUR's tale ;

Doubtless Romance might still contrive to flourish,

Changing its knightly for its Daily Mail,
If Woman would but give our modern gallants
A livelier chance to ventilate their talents.

Men ride abroad in rubbered automobiles,

Naked of armour, bar the nauseous smell,

Not bound on any ransom save to owe bills

Contracted by some errant damocel,
So that in Carlton's Halls, superbly gowned,
She may adorn their Dinner-table Round :

But here their service ends. They fain would wrestle

With horrid dragons or a heathen crew ;

Ride *centre-à-terre* to help the weaker vessel,

Behaving just as LANCELOT used to do ;

Only you cannot keep it up much longer
When once the weaker sex becomes the stronger.

With nothing left to learn (outside the nursery),

These types of self-contained and virile strength,

Have they, I ask you—kindly take a cursory

Glance at their pictured shapes, three-quarters length,

Exposed, for sixpence, in the social Press—

Have they the air of ladies in distress ?

Believe me, Woman's skin is not so tender ;

She knows, as well as you, her way about ;

Why offer, then, your arm as her defender

When she can manage nicely, thanks, without ?

Why sacrifice your seat in trains or pews,

When she can chuck you from it if she choose ?

And, since the creatures we were taught to cherish

Cease to comply with Nature's holy plan,

If the old Chivalry should shortly perish

Let none that finds it murdered blame the man ;

But write this epitaph for its demise :

Crushed by a woman's boot (men's extra size). O. S.

From the "Field."

SALMON and SEA-TROUT. — Bally-

Furnished COUNTRY RESIDENCE; nine bed and
Lough Inagh, for £1 per day or £20 per month.

The "nine bed" sounds ample; but are they at the bottom
of the Lough? Nothing definite is said about the "bally"
furniture of the Lough, and it certainly has a fishy look.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. V.

"My dear BOUDIN," I said to him one morning, "how comes it that your compatriots, admirable as, no doubt, they are in many respects, pay so little attention either to the requirements of religious observance or to the dictates of that morality which is established as a standard in our own country?"

I was a little annoyed with BOUDIN. He had lately been becoming rather aggressively French. For instance, he was wearing a low collar and a tie tied in a bow with two large streamers, a sort of speckled saash, in fact, round his neck. Besides, he had not expressed what I considered to be a sufficient admiration for some of the sights I had shown him and some of the institutions I had explained to him, and on the whole I thought the time had come when I ought to take him down a peg.

He looked up at me quickly :—

"What do you drive at?" he said. "Explain yourself, my old fellow."

"Oh come, BOUDIN," said I, "you know well enough what I mean."

"Word of honour, I do not understand a word of what you said."

"Well, then," I began very patiently, for I was determined to keep my temper, "I'll try to make my meaning clear to you. You know we all admire and like the French—"

"Bah!" said BOUDIN.

"And we realise that they have many great qualities which—"

"—which you think you have better and greater yourselves. Oh, I know you, you English."

"—which," I continued quietly, "are necessary to the progress of our common civilisation. At the same time we are made painfully aware that our lively neighbour, the Gaul, does not see eye to eye with us on certain matters which go to the root of life. He is of a volatile and mercurial temperament, and is apt in mere carelessness to set at naught those sanctions of morality and orderly conduct which prevail amongst ourselves. Of the inner life of religion which shines so brightly amongst people of the Anglo-Saxon race he has but little conception, while—"

"Oh, thunder!" shouted BOUDIN, springing from his seat, "I can no more. My friend, you should write down what you have said, write it down very careful and correct, and send it to the *Daily Telegraph*. They will print it—at least, provided they have not printed it already, for I have read it, I am sure, somewhere."

"Be calm, BOUDIN, be calm. I am not blaming you for it, I am only stating facts which really cannot be denied. Everybody knows that the worship of the goddess *Aelgeia* is still very prevalent in France."

I had been reading MATTHEW ARNOLD, and I thought the quotation would bowl BOUDIN over.

"Oh, go away with your goddess," he said; "I do not know her. I have not the honour of being presented to her. She is not in France. And I tell you, my friend, *franchement vous m'éreintez* with your everybody. Who is this everybody? I am one of him, and I deny him. I throw him into your teeth. What do you, for example, *vous qui m'assommez* with your disquisitions, what do you know about morality in France?"

"My dear BOUDIN," I interrupted, "I have spent some time in Paris."

"Oh, I know, read a novel, or you go to the Palais Royal and you puff with laughter at the play, and you come out and you make yourself a long face, oh so melancholy, and you say, 'Shocking! it is shocking.' But what do you know of the life of my countrymen? Nothing. You do not know—you would



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

JOHN BULL. "DOCTOR, I FIND I'M LOSING A LOT OF STRENGTH IN THIS ARM."

DR. ARM-LD F-EST-R. "H'M—I'M AFRAID WE MUST USE THE KNIFE A BIT ON IT."

JOHN BULL. "THAT'S RATHER A DRASTIC REMEDY, ISN'T IT?"

DR. ARM-LD F-EST-R. "WELL, I CAN WRITE YOU OUT A CONSCRIPTION, IF YOU PREFER IT."

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A CHOICE OF EVILS.

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not believe—that we respect our fathers, that we adore and reverence our mothers—that these fathers and mothers bring up their children to be virtuous—that, even if we do not make our looks sad and our lives black, we are taught to obey the law and to say our prayers, and to respect our neighbour, and to be honourable men. All this you are ignorant of, and then you come and you say me by heart an article of the *Daily Telegraph* about the wickedness of 'our lively neighbour the Gaul.' Bah, I detest him—your lively neighbour, the Gaul. He may go with your remarkable goddess whose name I will not pronounce, and they may find a home for them in your Divorce Court, or in your so moral music-halls, or——"

"Steady, BOUDIN," I broke in, "steady. Don't you think it is a little unfair to judge us by our Divorce Court cases?"

"Ah, you think so?"

"Certainly I do. They are no test of the real home life of England."

"Well, my friend, if that is so, then follow your own example and regard more the home life of France. And, above all, do not laugh as you did yesterday at our *Priz Montyon* for virtue, or our crownings of *rosières*. They are innocent games, but they show perhaps more of the real France than your *Palais Royal*. And now let us go and promenade ourselves."

CHARIVARIA.

SOME uneasiness is being felt at St. Petersburg lest the stupid Chinese should be unable to grasp the fact that the recent defeat of the Czar's troops and capture of guns was in reality a Russian victory.

The Japanese are gradually rising in the estimation of the Russians. At the outbreak of the war they were "Miserable Monkeys," but last week the *Novoe Vremya* promoted them to "Venomous dwarfs."

It is reported that the United States Minister at Belgrade has been instructed by the State Department to resume diplomatic relations with Servia. It is realised that if some of the leading regicides could be persuaded to visit the St. Louis Exposition they might catch on as a side show.

Turkey has pointed out to England and France that it was not consulted when the recent agreement relating to Egypt was being negotiated. We understand that England and France have replied that this is so.

The *Entente* continues to grow. A distinguished French journalist denies that the English are a Germanic race,



CROSS PURPOSES.

She (thinking of the dogs). "UGLY LITTLE THINGS, AREN'T THEY?"

He (alluding to the children). "OH, I WOULDN'T GO AS FAR AS THAT. BUT PERHAPS IF YOU DRESSED THEM DIFFERENTLY——"

and declares that the French are our real cousins. This must be Love.

The current number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a contribution by the Poet Laureate modestly described as "The Wind Speaks."

Imitation snails are to be seen in many shops in Paris. Over here they are only to be found on certain railway lines.

"Cannibals attack a steamer," announced a placard the other day. We trust it gave them indigestion.

Major McBRIDE, who married Miss MAUD GONNE, has expressed the hope that their little boy SEAGAN will be the first President of the Irish Republic. We, too, wish the little fellow long life.

Fresh uses are found for motor-cars every day. Last week one of them ran into a band at Dewsbury and put four of the instruments out of action.

A Judge who was trying a case in which the wife of the defendant confessed to having got thirty-six blouses and ten hats in eighteen months remarked that he himself only bought one hat a year. A lady points out that he was silent as to the number of blouses he purchased during the same period.

An interesting exhibit at the Royal Academy is a drawing executed by the artist when he was only sixteen years of age. Quite a feature of the show, too, is the number of pictures by artists over that age which have the appearance of having been painted by artists under that age.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

IV.

*In Hon'ble Col. K.'s Headquarters—
but nearer Yalu.*

I REGRET to report that my aforesaid piebald pony still exhibits extreme peevishness. For no sooner do I approximate him than, like *King Claudius*, "his heels fly up, his head remains below!"

Consequently I am curing his doleful dumps by Hon'ble CHAMBERLAIN'S homoeop of putting a self-protective tariff upon his food imports.

And, seeing that up to date he is of more ornament than utility, I have rather facetiously christened him "*The Sho-ji*"—an Anglo-Japanese *jeudesprit* by which Hon'ble KHA-KI-MONO, on my explaining it, was so immoderately tickled to death that he requested leave to incorporate it into his despatches as his own manufacture.

To which I willingly assented—on condition, of course, that *Punch's* copyrights in same were strictly reserved.

Interpreting your kind silence as the tacit consent, I have now furnished myself throughout with a patent wireless telegraphing pole, fitted complete in best quality finish, as per illustrated catalogue.

It is far handsomer than any of my competitors', and already a going concern; so, as soon as I have completed a highly intricate private code of my own invention, it will, I fondly hope, entirely supersede all more hum-drum methods of communication.

My most favourable hour for dropping aërograms will be about 5 P.M., and, as you may be aware, in Korea we are about nine hours faster than Greenwich time. Therefore you should be upon the tiles of *Punch's* office punctually between 8 and 9 A.M., when, by lending your ear with even ordinary attention, I think I may promise that you will not improbably hear something to your advantage.

Unfortunately, my aforesaid code is still in its embryo, as it is the matter of difficulty for me always to clearly comprehend my own signalings. But you can take it for granted that a cackling sound, like the thanksgiving hymn of a hen after safe delivery of a fowl-egg, will mean, either that "All is quiet on the Yalu," or that "Some important military movements may shortly be anticipated."

As these are the only two messages permitted to special war-reporters at present, I shall probably be under the necessity to cackle till further notice.

Col. KHA-KI-MONO, in very quiet gentlemanly circumlocutions, has intimated that he may be miserably compelled to set up any indiscreet correspondents as hon'ble cockshots for such of his recruits as have not yet fired their class in musketry practice.

So, being at the loose end of my tether and reduced to kill Time by the fetlock, I have recently, at the invite of some Korean native gentlemen, taken part in the *battue* of a tiger.

There is a Chinese saying that the Korean spends one half of the year in hunting the tiger, and the remaining half on the *vice versa* system; so I was careful, before accepting, to ascertain that the latter half-season had not yet set in. My fellow-reporters, who, on my suggestion, were also invited to share the sport, excused themselves on the somewhat pusillanimous plea that tiger-chasing was considered, by all real Korean sporting-nobs, as a vulgar *infra-dig.* pursuit.

After a sleepless night, owing to excitement, I turned out of my cold snug couch at 4 A.M., since it is only the early bird that catches the worm in bud, and, assuming the kit of a Nimrod, sallied forth with my shooting-irons, to surprise "Mister Stripes," by putting him in the bag.

My manly courage was greatly accelerated by overhearing the contempt expressed by my fellow sporting-men for their quarry, whom they accused of abject physical cowardice.

Being unaware that this was a mere *façon de parler* to sustain their pecker, I pressed myself ahead with ardent intrepidity until I had the unspeakable satisfaction to run up against the object of my pursuit while hot-busy with feeding-time in a mountain gorge!

Now, whether my native friends or the tiger were in error as to which of us was entitled, under game laws, to close time, I am not to say. I can only affirm that I became a *sauve qui peut* on the spur of the next moment, with the devil endeavouring to harass my unprotected rear and take my hindmost!

But providentially I preserved my head sufficiently to lead my pursuer on to the society of my less adventurous companions, and was running like game to my finish, displaying (so I was afterwards assured by credible eye-witnesses) phenomenal proficiency as a sprinter—when suddenly I became lost to sight and dear to memory in a profound pit hole which had been insidiously masked in foliage to entrap my formidable antagonist!

As luck would have it, he failed to notice my compulsory retirement, and continued his wild career until he was bowled out by a well-delivered ball from some fellow-tigerslayer.

So, besides severe perforations owing to my descent on sundry acutely pointed stakes, I had the additional mortification of being unable to be present at the death!

However, for consolation prize, and as a *proxime accessit*, I was very kindly awarded a couple of claws and one whisker. I hope I shall not be exceeding the bounds of amenity and reverie by forwarding these simple trophies of my chase by Korean Parcels Post to the gracious and cheerful members of your home circle.

The above-named whisker would, I think, form a rather splendid egret's feather in the cap (or bonnet) of your amiable spouse, while the claws, with gold-stoppings, will make handsome brooches on the shawls of your hon'ble dearest darlings.

Or rather, as second-hand thoughts are invariably best, I will reserve my gifts until I can accompany them with a fine bearskin of own slaying, since I am informed that the bear-baiting in these parts is even superior to any tiger-stalk.

I am now to narrate a still more shuddering episode:—

A few evenings ago I sauntered out of the camp, in the Korean get-up of a cloak and tall Welsh horsehair chimney-pot tile, for private practice on my wireless telegraphic pole.

While endeavouring to send cacklings in direction of *Punch's* Office, and being totally unaware that any enemy was inside my radius, O Gemini! I was unexpectedly accosted by a large hirsute Cossack *sotnia*, who demanded in very rough phraseology the nature of my game!

Being all of a twitter with the apprehension that I might be mistaken for the Hon'ble *Times* reporter and shot out of his hand, I replied that I was simply an orthodox Korean, engaged in performing my usual evening devotions with the aid of a portable praying-pole.

But he intimated that this explanation belonged, in his opinion, to the rat department, and desired me to at once accompany him to a contiguous Russian officer, or Samovar. So, perceiving that said *sotnia* was already in possession of my scruff of neck, I thought it best to accept his invitation in the spirit with which it was given.

Thinking that my praying-pole excuse was, perhaps, too filamentous for the credulity of any superior officer, I trumped up the more ingenious explanation that I was a native Korean entomologist, and that it was a native apparatus for capturing nocturnal *lepidopteras*, which are notoriously very fine and large in these localities. Most luckily the Samovar turned out to be too juvenile and beetle-headed to comprehend the precise *cui bono* of my said pole, and proceeded to put some searching questions to me respecting Japanese tactics and strategies.



FIN DE LA SAISON.

(At a Cercle Anglais. "Le Fiv' o'clock," i.e. Afternoon Tea.)

Britisher. "COMING TO THE BALL TO-NIGHT, COUNT?"

Monsieur le Comte. "MOI, MON CHIEF? AH, NON. I AM TIRED. I HAVE THE ACHE EVERYWHERE. I HAVE PLAY THE FOOT-BALL!"

Britisher. "GOOD! WHAT?—FORWARD, HALF-BACK?"

Monsieur le Comte. "FORWARD! HALF-BACK! PAR EXEMPLE, I AM 'ARBITRE'—HOW YOU SAY IT?—REFEREE!"

Whereupon I decided to reveal myself as the *Civis Romanus*: "O dearly beloved son of a Big White Father," I said, "beneath this Korean garbage beats the bosom of a full-blown British subject. It is *contra bonos mores* for me to be guilty of such shocking form as to reveal any prison-house secrets—even under the persuasions of the wildest horses." (I had previously observed that he was not in the Cavalry!) "For I am a special London Press Correspondent."

No sooner had he heard this than he at once commanded that I should be dismissed, since to question me any further would be merely attempting to get milk from a ram! Accordingly I came with peace and honour out of my tight fix, and carried home my pole in triumph at such a striking testimonial from an antagonist to the unswerving secretiveness of professional war reporters.

You need be under no apprehension, however, that I shall risk depriving you of my services by any injudicious davevily, since I am not an Acarus to fly in the face of Providence and tempt it beyond its powers of endurance! [Ed. Com.—We breathe again!]

P.S.—I reopen this to say that I have just heard from my friend the Bonze that the before-mentioned mountain-shrine, with adjacent devil-tree, has now been vacated. But, owing to extremely untidy habits of outgoing demon, repairs and

cleaning have cost the pretty penny of yen 25. Bonze would be willing to act as caretaker and work the oracle for the weekly stipend of yen 5—a month's screw to be paid in advance. *Punch* idol is now fit for service—but the carver churlishly refuses to hand it over except for c.o.d. A speedy remittance will therefore oblige.

H. B. J.

OUR ANXIETY RELIEVED.—It was with immense delight that Mr. *Punch* read the true explanation of the report that on last Thursday night his old friend Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P., had "joined the majority." The truth being—Mr. LABOUCHERE being *Truth* itself, *cela va sans dire*,—that in the division upon Major SEELY's motion our LARRY went into the wrong Lobby. Of course on his part it was a Seely mistake. Anyhow, he is still the right man in the right place, and long may he continue with us.

THE NEW ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.—Surely Mr. BALFOUR has made a mistake in his selection of these new Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Where there are "disorders in the Church," ought they not to be dealt with and prescribed for solely and only by "Doctors of Divinity"? Such professionals would be all "specialists."

TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

(On his recent reappearance.)

STRANGE denizen of those unbottomed deeps
Whence, having vanished for I know not how long,
You come to ease our minds, and give the creeps
To some astonished mariners at Aolong,

Welcome, thrice welcome! 'Tis a weary time
Since last you came, and saw, and sank rejected,
Dourly to welter in obscurest slime,
Where man was not, and you would be respected.

Year after year, with constant ill-success,
You were benevolently spurred to soften
Th' autumnal rigours of the Daily Press,
And were denied—and mocked at—just as often!

Skippers would log you, giving times and dates;
Foc'sle and quarter-deck combine in witness;
While picturesquely gifted bo'sun's mates
Described your charms with more than naval fitness;

But the Great Lubber—bitter shame be his!—
Blind to the claims of evidence and reason,
Spoke scoffingly of Giant Gooseberries,
And kindred figments of the Silly Season.

So you retired to Ocean's oozy floor
To soothe your hundred feet of outraged vanity,
Nor rose, awhile, to shed the light of your—
May I say—countenance upon humanity.

But now, how sweetly rings the old, old tale!
Men saw a mystic object—diverse fancies
Leaned to a rock, a turtle, or a whale—
When lo! before their horror-stricken glances

Coil upon coil unwound; a frightful crest
Craned upwards; and behold, in girth tremendous,
In length full thirty metres, moved confest
KRAKEN, the Serpent, monst'-ingens-horrendous!

O KRAKEN, those were men of proven skill
In war's alarms, with minds attuned to slaughter,
Armed with horrific engines, which, at will,
Had blown you skywards from your native water.

Nobly they spared you, tho' I know not why;
One would have thought that any sporting cap'en
Would go full steam ahead and have a shy,
Just for the sake of seeing what would happen.

But no such fracas marred the peaceful scene.
You dived beneath the keel, and passed to labb'ord,
And they forbore to seek the magazine,
Nor loosed the hungry cutlass from the scabbard.

One cannot wholly blame them for the fact;
No doubt, if one were placed in their position,
One would have done the same; they may have lacked
Leave to expend their service ammunition;

Maybe their spirit thirsted for the shot
Which more prudential counsel deprecated,
Fearing that, if they missed a vital spot,
You might have actively retaliated.

And though we feel a *soupcçon* of regret
The chronicle remains; the world has read it;
And you, great KRAKEN, though uncaptured yet,
Are partially, at least, restored to credit.

Not wholly; but one never knows one's luck;
And we may hope, with confident reliance,
That you will soon be comfortably stuck
Or "potted," in the sacred cause of Science.

DUM-DUM.

THE PERILS OF AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING.

[The letter-box of a contemporary having overflowed, Mr. Punch, with characteristic chivalry, has come to the rescue of the crowded out.]

DEAR SIR,—I am surprised to see that the five-shilling fee (destined for a hospital) charged by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for his signature is considered high. As an old and keen autograph-hunter, I can assure your readers that five shillings is a low figure. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS asks fifteen, one crown for each acre.
Yours, &c. A KEEN COLLECTOR.

DEAR SIR,—I have now no objection to say that I have recently obtained thirty of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autographs at five shillings each, the application being made under a different *alias* each time. I sold them in the ordinary way of business for a sovereign apiece. What I want to know is, Is this Protection or Free Trade? Yours, &c.

Z. BRAUNEBERGER.

DEAR SIR,—My experiences in connection with an attempt to obtain Mr. BALFOUR's autograph should be interesting to any student of the manners unhappily obtaining in English public life. First of all I called at Downing Street in person, requesting to see Mr. BALFOUR. I had my autograph book with me, and intended to save him all trouble. I even had a fountain pen laid on. But I was denied admittance to his sanctum on the ridiculous plea that a Cabinet Meeting was in progress! I then wrote explaining that I had been treated with some discourtesy, and demanding a signed reply. I received instead a formal letter signed by a secretary, whose autograph, I have ascertained, is not worth the paper it is written upon. I wrote again saying so, and again renewing my application for the PREMIER's signature. Will it be believed that to this letter I have had no reply? And Mr. BALFOUR is sometimes called a gentleman. *Adsit omen.*
I am, &c., AUTOLYCUS.

DEAR SIR,—It may be of interest in connection with the correspondence on the cost of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autograph if I give the price of a few well-known hands on my list:—

	£	s.	d.
BOBBY ABEL, plain	0	0	6
Ditto, with expression of cordial goodwill	0	1	0
MR. C. K. SHORTER, plain	0	0	6
Ditto, with denunciation of classic	0	0	3
Ditto, with praise of <i>Sphere</i> novelist	0	0	1
SIR WILFRID LAWSON, plain	0	1	0
Ditto, with anti-Bung poem	0	2	6
MR. P. F. WARNER	0	5	0
HACKENSCHMIDT (with translation)	0	7	6
MR. GEORGE MOORE, plain	0	0	2
Ditto, accepting proposal of a member of the New English Art Club to paint his portrait	0	0	1½
MR. HAYDEN COFFIN, plain	0	10	6
Ditto, with phrase from song	1	1	0

It will be seen from these figures that whereas, compared with that of some gentlemen, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's figure is high, compared with that of others it is low. I am, &c.,

DEALER.

"ONLY THEIR FUN."—How frequently the stupid phrase occurs in reports informing us that "up to the present time there has been no serious fighting." As if, on the stage of the Theatre of War, there could be any such relief to the tragedy as "comic fighting!"

DESPERATE DOINGS AT OXFORD.*(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")*

SOME sensational letters having reached this office with regard to the reign of terror prevailing at Oxford, a representative of Mr. Punch travelled down to that classic city last week to collect and collate information as to the Assassination Clubs which are alleged to be the root of the evil.

"Yes," observed a brawny giant weighing some nineteen stone, as he lounged in a rocking chair in his tastefully decorated rooms, "there is no doubt that assassination is rampant in Oxford to-day. As I belong neither to the assassins nor to the assassinated, perhaps I may be taken as an impartial and trustworthy witness. The fact is, that a certain number of undergraduates refuse to conform to the usages of the University, and, persuasion having failed, recourse has been had to extreme measures. The first serious case was that of a Worcester man, who would insist on wearing a bowler hat with a frock coat. About six weeks ago his decapitated head was discovered in Port Meadow."

"Great Heavens!" observed our representative. "Can such things be in this so-called nineteenth century?"

"Wait till you hear the rest," was the significant response. "The police were communicated with, and a guillotine was discovered in some unoccupied rooms in Tom Quad. The assassins were consequently driven to adopt other methods, and shortly afterwards a Duke's son, who had rendered himself conspicuous by the lowness of his collar, disappeared from Balliol. No trace of his body was ever discovered, but the wrecked condition of his rooms following on a violent explosion, which shattered all the windows in the college, left no doubt that he had been removed by dynamite."

"And was no redress obtained by the deceased Peer's sorrowing relatives?" queried our representative.

"None whatever," replied the giant in mournful tones. "You see, owing to the peculiar jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor—who, by the way, is supposed to be blackmailed by these secret societies—ordinary legal procedure is not available."

"Do you mean to say, then, that if I were to be kidnapped and flung into the Cherwell, my murderers, even if discovered, would not be prosecuted?"

cent's, Blues and so on, and public opinion is entirely on their side. Personally, I disapprove of their methods, especially the practice of torturing the victims—"

"Do you mean to say they torture them first?"

"Yes, by dislocating their limbs. Allow me to show you," and, suiting the action to the word, the giant seized his interlocutor by the ankle and gave his leg so violent a pull that he incontinently swooned. On coming to he was conscious of a parching thirst, and feebly

asked for water.

"I'm afraid I've nothing but brandy," was the cordial reply; "try and swallow this."

"Thanks," murmured our representative, "I think I could swallow anything."

A few minutes later, disguised as a scout's boy, he stole from these haunts of crime, shattered by his awful experience, and ran all the way to the station, travelling up to town under the seat of a third-class carriage.

**THE UNPROTECTED MALE.**

Mother (after vainly offering a bottle to refractory infant). "ERE, TAKE IT, WILL YER! IF YER DON'T 'URRY UP, I'LL GIVE IT TO THE GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE!"

"Certainly not, unless action were taken under the Rivers' Pollution Act," was the unhesitating answer. "But, as a matter of fact, the odds are a hundred to one against your remains ever being recovered. The Assassins have taken to cannibalism, and hardly a day passes without an orgy. Yesterday they roasted the bursar of Keble in broad daylight, at the foot of the Martyrs' Memorial, and there is to be a great Voodoo carnival in Peckwater to-morrow evening, culminating in the human sacrifice of four of the most unpopular emugs in 'the House.'"

"But will there be no attempt to rescue the victims?"

"Not likely! You see, the Assassins are all leading men, members of Vin-

cent's, Blues and so on, and public opinion is entirely on their side. Personally, I disapprove of their methods, especially the practice of torturing the victims—"

only caught the first part, "did she elope with a new uncle? What will the old one do!"

From the *Daily Express* of April 30:

"The Devonshire, a fine specimen of the new heavy but fast type of cruiser, will be launched at Chatham to-day, and christened, appropriately, by a Devonshire peeress. Her dimensions are . . ."

But Mr. Punch refuses to reproduce either the lady's name or her dimensions, which, it is evident, have been grossly exaggerated. But, apart from this, he considers that the *Daily Express*, in quoting any figures whatever in such a connection, was guilty of a grave lapse from its usual standard of good taste.



NO SENTIMENT.

Romantic Young Lady. "DOESN'T THIS REMIND YOU OF A SCENE IN SOME EXCITING MELODRAMA WHERE A HEROINE ESCAPES BY A TREE THAT HAS FALLEN OVER A RAVINE?"

Unsentimental Tommy (her cousin, "in the City"). "NO FEAR. BUT, IF I WERE SUPERSTITIOUS, IT WOULD MAKE ME A BIT NERVOUS—IT'S SO SUGGESTIVE OF A FALL IN 'GRAND TRUNKS'!"

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

[The Tailor and Cutter, in a recent supplement, laid down the law as to what to wear and when to wear it.]

My brothers, no longer shall care
And despair
With premature wrinkle
Your forehead becrinkle,
While snowy flakes sprinkle
Your hair!
Those agonised hours when you used to explore,
Uncertain, the depths of your wardrobe are o'er.
The oracle speaks: you need puzzle no more
The problem of what you should wear.

The rules for your toilet here lie
Cut and dry—
They tell you what braces
Are worn for the races,
When boots should have laces
To tie;

When buttons and spats are a *sine quâ non*,
And ample instruction is given upon
The cut of the collar which gentlemen don
When various relatives die.

Your dress when you marry a bride
They decide;
Sartorial fancies

For dinners and dances
And river romances

They guide.

A week or two's study will bring you to see
When coats must be "morning," when "frock" and
"D.B.,"

When taste in the matter of vests may be free,
When its flights must be sternly denied.

They tell you when diamonds you
Must eschew—

Thus, when you are going
To cricket or rowing,
You cannot be showing
Too few;

But the motorist, borne on petroleum wings,
Is bound to wear dozens of diamond rings,
And of course they are quite indispensable things
For golfer and fisherman too.

The worries that once made you groan
All are flown:

A simple inspection
Of this or that section,
And lo! your direction
Is shown.

A very few suits should suffice, say a score,
And it's not *de rigueur*, as it has been before,
That each single suit should possess any more
An overcoat all of its own.



A STRATEGIST.

RUSSIAN BEAR (*slily*). "RUNNING AWAY? NOT A BIT OF IT! I'M LURING 'EM ON!"



A STRATAGEM

FROM THE LIFE OF THE LATE GENERAL SIR JOHN BURNES

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—So the MARKISS is to have his monument. Settled to-night in one of those casual conversations that sometimes conveniently take place between private Member and Minister. ST. MICHAEL—what a fine statue he'd make with All Angels artistically disposed about a pedestal!—asked whether PREMIER proposed to move a vote to cover expenses. PRINCE ARTHUR modestly replied it was not a matter on which he could be expected to take initiative. But, since ST. MICHAEL mentioned it, certainly thought course suggested was desirable.

Members on both sides cheered. All Englishmen are proud of the MARKISS, admiring not least his unconcealed contempt for the majority of them. In an age of self-advertisement he was scornfully silent. He never bent his knee to that political Baal the Man in the Street. Rather he delighted to flout him with utterance of what came to be known as blazing indiscretions. Only drawback to satisfaction in prospect of a statue of the Victorian statesman lies in apprehension of what may be turned out. We are a great people, mighty in commerce. We can colonise. But we can neither carve nor cast statues. Think of our Dukes of York, our Nelsons, our Prince Consorts.

SARK says the only decent modern statue he ever happened upon in London stood for awhile in the square at the



"Boots!"

Japanese Maidens. "Abject, moth-eaten, dogs'-eared servants must most unworthily remove honourable boots of high-born, honourable Mister."

(Mr. W-r suggests that Japanese girls should be provided at the House of Commons to remove the boots of hon. Members, and replace them with Japanese sandals. This was suggested to him by his own experiences at Nikko.)



AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE!

Mr. W-n-t-n Ch-reh-ll said that "The late Colonial Secretary had greatly reduced the amount of flogging all over the British Empire. (Cheers.) It was a question on which the rt. hon. gentleman held very strong views." (We strongly suspect that his dislike of flogging is not of universal application!)

bottom of the Haymarket, by the Athenaeum Club. It showed OUTRAM, with sword drawn, riding to battle—a live man, a living horse. Passed by a week later to feast his eyes on the rare spectacle, and lo, it was gone. Too good for London, it had been captured by Calcutta.

Since then there has been placed in the quadrangle of Burlington House WATTS' equestrian statue, a real thing handicapped by a ridiculous label. "Physical Energy" it is called, just as you would write "Black Currant" or "Gooseberry" on the parchment covers of pots of jam. Besides, WATTS is not likely to undertake the MARKISS. So Common-place will, in the end, take its revenge over the mighty mind, the keen intellect, that in public and private scathed it through more than fifty years.

Yet the leonine head, the massive figure of the MARKISS, lent themselves generously to the sculptor's art. There are men still living who remember Lord ROBERT CECIL the counterfeit resemblance of Cousin HUGH, who after the lapse of

half a century sits in his father's old quarters below the gangway. Tall, slim, with stooping shoulders, head bent forward to discharge the barbed darts fashioned by an acrid tongue, Dizzy's old foeman of the 60's gave no promise of the figure which loomed in the sight of man in the opening days of the twentieth century. We are more familiar with the great bulk, the colossal weight, the slow tramp down the corridor, across the central lobby, reminiscent of an elephant treading a thicket, solitary, meditative, unnoticing.

If the chosen sculptor knew the MARKISS in the flesh, had the genius to conceive an embodiment of his presence in bronze, and the skill to realise it, we should be blessed indeed. But I fear me.

Business done.—A cheery night with Scotch gentlemen discussing their Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Just before five o'clock this afternoon House justified its ancient reputation. Since it met for a new week been steeped in what seemed invulner-



M'KENNA AND HIS SUBMARINE ARE RECEIVED WITH A WITHERING FIRE.

able dulness. Yesterday it was the Scotch Members; to-day, on report of Budget resolutions, talk is of stripped tobacco and of cigarettes at five a penny. The House is ever like the sea. At one moment lulled in deadly calm, the next, struck by a hurricane, it becomes a seething cauldron.

It was DON JOSÉ who, as Cousin HUGH in a brilliant speech said, acted the part of amateur hurricane. At the outset his position was secondary. It was as the father of his son he interposed. Talk on the Opposition Bench of singular increase in imports of unstripped tobacco immediately preceding the Budget. More than twice as much cleared from Customs last March compared with same month in last year. By strange coincidence increased duty put on stripped tobacco. Fortunate persons who had (accidentally) commenced with great energy to strip Custom houses of unstripped tobacco found themselves threepence a pound to the good. Another coincidence was that largest dealer in unstripped tobacco trade is a member of DON JOSÉ's Royal Commission.

Putting all these things together, M'KENNA wanted to know. Brought no charges against anybody. But there were the Custom-house figures of 1903 and 1904; there was MR. GALLAGHER, tariff reform his foible, unstripped tobacco his forte; there was DON JOSÉ; and,

finally, there was SON AUSTEN, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"What conclusion does the hon. Member draw?" asked AUSTEN sternly.

"Will he explain a little more fully his insinuations against me?" demanded DON JOSÉ, pale to the lips with righteous wrath.

No; M'KENNA made no insinuation, brought no accusation; merely mentioned facts and invited explanation.

"Do you bite your thumb at me?" DON JOSÉ insisted.

No, M'KENNA didn't bite his thumb at him; did not, in appreciable degree, bite his thumb at anyone; stood up merely as a note of interrogation. Wanted to know, you know.

The House, filling as by magic, became scene of almost savage excitement. Cheers and counter-cheers applauded thrust and counter-stroke. At one moment DON JOSÉ and M'KENNA on their feet together. Neither disposed to yield. Later, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER being in possession of House, M'KENNA tried to get in a word. Amid yelling cheers waved down by CHANCELLOR.

Storm ceased as suddenly as it had arisen; Members went plodding through Division lobbies in succession of divisions.

Business done.—Budget Resolutions carried through report stage.

Friday night.—Whilst the gallant Jap

stands at grip with the Russ by the banks of the far-off Yalu River, Mr. WEIR, seated in the House of Commons, recalls an episode in his visit to Japan. When he entered one of the sacred temples at Nikko, or crossed the threshold of Palace of the ancient Mikados at Tokio, there approached him two fair damsels who lisped, "Boots."

At first, the Member for Ross and Cromarty, shrewd Highlander though he be, was baffled. The interval afforded opportunity of gazing upon the damsels who, prone on hands and knees, looked up at him with laughing gaze. Behold, they were fair.

"Boots," they murmured, drawing in their breath with that gurgling sound peculiar to a Japanese when he or she desires to please.

Then it dawned on Mr. WEIR that on the sanctity of the temple floor, on the snow-white purity of the Palace planking, no earth-crust boot must press. In brief, he was expected to have his boots removed and slippers substituted before he entered.

Cloud of disappointment gathered over the brow of SARK as WEIR recited the incident to the House. He whispers to me how, when he and I were in Japan, we partly shared Mr. WEIR's experience. We, also, were required to remove our boots. Service was performed, not by dimpled damsels with almond eyes and snow-white teeth, but by our guide or other male attendant.

Birds of a feather flock together. Mr. WEIR drew the youth and beauty of Japan, as he fails to "draw" the Lord Advocate on the topic of trawlers in lonely inlets of northern seas.

Incident happened in debate on vote for Houses of Parliament. System of ventilation discussed, as it has been annually talked of since the days when ACTON SMEE AYTON was First Commissioner of Works. Members talk critically about ingress and egress of air, which, as most people know, is driven through iron lacework concealed under matting of flooring, and makes its way out through passages in the ceiling. Complaint made of its being stuffy, loaded with microbes.

Mr. WEIR explains it all. The radical fault that shatters an intricate costly system of ventilation lies in the boots. That a subject on which honourable Member long been accepted as authoritative. As House knows from daily observation, Mr. WEIR, by use of peculiar, delicate hydraulic machinery, pumps the lower notes of his impressive voice out of his boots. Effect observed when Secretary for Scotland, having made feeble reply to series of searching questions, takes refuge in silence as Mr. WEIR puts a fifth. Then is heard rolling through the House, like the



FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Father. "WHY, WHAT A LITTLE WOMAN SHE'S GETTING!"

Mother. "YES, A VERY EXPENSIVE YOUNG LADY. SHE GROWS OUT OF ALL HER FROCKS."

Dorothy. "MAMMA'S EXPENSIVE TOO. SHE'S GROWN OUT OF HER PRETTY FROCK!"

sough "of wind in the caves of wintry Staffa, a sepulchral groan, "No answer."

It rises from the level of Mr. WEIR's boots. Enlarging on his argument, Mr. WEIR shows how fresh air ascending from the floor comes in contact with boots of Members and is carried upward to throat and nostril.

"Why not," he persuasively adds, "engage the services of two Japanese girls, who will remove the boots of honourable Members before they enter the House."

Two? What are they among so many? The matter is a larger one than Mr. WEIR sketches. It would not be necessary for every Jack to have his Jill. But two Japanese damsels to remove the boots of 670 Members, some of them Irish, and only one (a naval authority) with a wooden leg, is ridiculously disproportionate. If Mr. WEIR's suggestion be accepted, and no doubt it has been received with a wave of pleasurable excitement, the damsels must be brought over in transport ships, like the Chinese labourers for South Africa. Under the personal supervision of ALFRED LITTLETON, they might live in compounds laid out in Palace Yard.

Long time since Mr. WEIR was so popular.

Business done.—Private Members'.

THE WIRE-PULLERS.

III.—THE MATERIALISER.

JUST as we passed the Dragon in Fleet Street the driver of our omnibus suddenly reined in his horses. The cause of the disturbance was a large brewer's dray which had come down Chancery Lane and was trying to take its place in the stream of traffic going west.

"Nah ven, Bung-ole," said the bus-driver, "fink yer goin' to stuff up the bloomin' road?"

The speech struck me as terse and pointed, and I was accordingly not a little surprised at what followed. An old gentleman who was sitting on one of the front seats leaned forward and tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"No, no," he said, "that's not at all the thing. You must consider your metaphors. A bung-hole cannot stuff up a road. Had you said 'bung' instead of 'bung-hole' it might have passed. But there is a chance for something far more brilliant. You could have said, of course in your own inimitable way, something like, 'Now then, Barrels. What are you doing out of your cellar? The Tuppenny Tub is the place for you. Your shape would just about fit it.' Something like that."

"Right O, Guv'nor," said the man; "better luck next time."

During this little conversation I had

whipped out an envelope and jotted down a note for my great novel. I felt that I had found a type which would ensure its welcome as one of the masterpieces of the century. My excitement attracted the old gentleman's attention.

"You are a genius, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Unrecognised?"

"Practically."

"Not entirely?"

"Well," I said, "I have an aunt——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, "I knew that. But you would like the world to recognise you? Well, I'm your man. Nowadays, the genius in literature or art is the person who can depict life as it really is. Very few can, so I go about teaching life to behave as it is depicted. That produces the same result in the long run. If I come across a genius who cannot hold the mirror up to nature, I hold nature up to the mirror. It's my hobby."

"Take, for example, this omnibus-driver. Nature prompts him to speak as you heard him speak. Mr. PETT RIDGE, one of my protégés, would have him speak more according to the instructions you heard me give. The ultimate result of that must be the recognition of Mr. PETT RIDGE as a very observant writer."

"Have you many clients?" I asked.

"Hundreds. But you are wrong to call them clients. The majority of them are quite unaware of my existence. There's Mr. DANA GIBSON, for instance. I've done a great deal for him in the way of cultivating his particular type of feminine beauty."

"You send out specially trained ladies, I suppose?"

"No, certainly not. It's done entirely with dressmakers' lay-figures. Women will imitate models, but they will not imitate one another. I hope soon to have a couple of dozen genuine Gibson girls distributed over London, and so establish the artist's reputation for fidelity to nature. But my work is always rather delicate where women are concerned. I much prefer the other sex."

"I spent a most successful season, recently, stocking Scottish slums with *Wee Macgregors*. I have devoted quite a lot of my time for some years to getting detectives to measure footprints, smoke shag, and act generally like *Sherlock Holmes*. You'll perhaps not believe me, but there is hardly a man in the Force to-day who doesn't carry pocket editions of GABORIAU and EDGAR ALLEN POE."

"Art, too. I have peppered the country with *CECIL ALDIN's* popular creations—parsons who play golf till they are red in the face with suppressed imprecations; huntsmen who sit till the last minute in

front of gigantic game-pies; vehicles with no spokes to their wheels. I have an estate reserved for the rearing of trees after the pattern of HERBERT RAILTON, and in the same artist's interest I have laid out heaps of money in white-washing old iron gates to make them stand out well against dark backgrounds. If in the near future you happen upon any rather fat people with their hands carefully thrust out of sight behind them, you will know that I have been giving a little of my attention to Mr. HASSALL."

"Those are just a few of my favourites. But I do also a good deal of promiscuous work that has no application to any particular genius. I can say without boasting that there are to-day scores of Scotsmen about who couldn't see a joke if you paid them to, and Irishmen who really do say, 'och' and 'arra, be jabers,' and carry a shillelagh."

"Do you work much out of England?"

"Not at present, but I hope to extend my field. In American plantations I intend to teach the coons that quaint inquisitiveness which impels them to spend so much time in gazing with shaded eyes into space, and I shall also introduce some dress reforms if I can get a tailor to supply trousers with one leg permanently turned up. And I am thinking of instructing miners in Australia and the Klondike in the subtle pathos of dreaming of home. Now, is there anything I can do for you?"

"I am afraid," I said, with hesitation, "that—that——"

"Ah, I see," he said. "You would rather try and get on without me. Well, well. Most of them feel that way—at first. Candidly, I admire you for it. But I'll bear you in mind all the same. Hullo!—excuse me a minute. There's one of Mr. JACOBS' seamen just come out of Liverpool Street station, looking as though he were not altogether at sea in London. I must alter that."

He flew down from the bus, one step at a time, and that is the last I have seen of him.

In the description of the grand foyer of the recently extended Savoy Hotel it is mentioned that there is a sculptured group representing "The Three Graces." Surely, as appropriate to the restoration department, there ought to have been just double the number—symbolising the graces before and after the three principal meals of the day, Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner. Supper being an extra, another couple of graces would be superfluous.

A GENEROUS FOE.—Pending the completion of the Russian commissariat the Japanese have offered to give them beans, as many as they care to have.

OPERATIC NOTES.

OPENING night, Monday, May 2, when *Don Giovanni*, having already interviewed Manager MESSAGER and Dr. HANS RICHTER,



Glasses between the Acts.

is re-presented to us as an old operatic friend who has refused to be cut. Doctor HANS has prescribed, and says no such operation is necessary. Thus is it that we get the *Don* almost to perfection. An excellent performance to a comparatively small, though select, audience. "No Royalties" here: which announcement sounds to joyful musical publishers' ears like "No Fees." Fräulein DESTINY as *Donna Anna* is the first novelty, and, instantly, a great success: Miss ALICE NIELSEN as *Zerlina* is the second, about whom there is too much Gaiety-girlishness. Monsieur RENAUD's *Don* we know and admire; and as *Leporello* and *Masetto* Messrs. JOURNET and GILBERT, always amusing, give us nothing new, and have forgotten nothing old. As the statue, who, like some weary *habitués*, nods towards the end of the opera, Mr. RADFORD is basso-profoundly statuesque. With Dr. RICHTER and his orchestra, including three bands in the ball-room, no fault can be found.

Tuesday.—*Tristan und Isolde*. House, never inconveniently crowded, revealed at first the aching void proper to the pre-prandial hour. Herr BURRIAN and Frau REINT (each a new and welcome guest at the Garden party) made a pair of lovers of the robust type associated with Wagnerian traditions. Yet "mighty and mellow" were mixed in their singing; and the great duet of the Second Act, exquisitely sung in its softer movement, gave them ample scope for qualities of sweetness and strength not always found together. Madame KIRKBY LUNN's most sympathetic rendering of the part of *Brangäne* was a pure delight, notably



Distinguished Soprano hurrying to her destination is accommodated by special train.

in that difficult passage where her voice breaks in out of the night upon the lovers' amorous session. The climax of the duet, delivered with those formal gestures of the arm which may also be supposed to be a matter of Bayreuth tradition, must have penetrated a good way

into the forest, and might easily, without information received from Detective Melot, have aroused the suspicions of King Mark. Herr KNÜRER, in the rôle of that outraged monarch, enunciated his homily on the proprieties with a right portentousness. Subsequently *Tristan* took a most unconscionable time in dying; but that was not the fault of Herr BURRIAN, who must have wanted his supper. Herr SCHÜTZ, as *Kurwenal*, enjoyed himself most on the ship, where his *staccato* methods recalled the choppiness of a Channel passage. Herr REISS, as the herd, played his piping part admirably through the medium of a gentleman in the orchestra. Here, and on the head of its conductor, Dr. RICHTER, rested the laurels of the evening for a performance, on their part, absolutely flawless.

Wednesday, May 4.—Fairly good house welcoming return of MANCINELLI conducting GOUNOD's *Philemon et Baucis*; "Arcades ambo." Gods and mortals are pleased with Jupiter JOURNET, but remember JOSE PLANÇON. Then all delighted to re-welcome LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*, wherein Fräulein DESTINY distinguishes herself as *Nedda*. M. SALIGNAC as *Canio* is good, and SCOTTI's *Tonio*, in acting and singing, fine. New scenery sets off *Philemon*, but the gem, *Pagliacci*, requires no brilliant setting.

Thursday.—Two magnificent bouquets occupied the Royal Box until the arrival of their Majesties at about 8.30. Considering that the KING and QUEEN had only arrived from Ireland—after their most successful and thoroughly popular visit—at 6.30, this, "their first appearance" at the Opera after their *tour de plaisir* must be recorded as a genuine *tour de force*. An excellent performance of *Roméo et Juliette* awaited them; Mlle. SUZANNE ADAMS being a most sweet singing and thoroughly dramatic heroine, true as a *Juliette* should be, without the single false note



Rapid exit of the exile Roméo-Salezza.

even wherewith to pay the crafty but impressive herbalist Frère Laurent (M. JOURNET), as an illegal marriage fee. Once again we salute our undefeated favourite, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, in one of her most popular impersonations, namely, that of the highly trained nurse, *Gertrude*; and M. SALEZA, who, as *Roméo*, is as fresh as he was in 1902, when, as now, Signor MANCINELLI was the *bâtonnier*. The *entr'actes*, on this occasion, occupying less time than usual, the evening was most enjoyably passed in the society of Messieurs GUILLAUME SHAKESPEARE, GOUNOD, and company. "Et vive la Compagnie!"

Friday.—*Tannhäuser*. Suppose the Hörnselberg must at one time have had its attractions for the hero, but to-night Herr BURRIAN frankly turned his back on the ballet and a couple of rather risky *tableaux vivants* provided for his entertainment. And indeed they manage these things better at the Halls. He was not altogether happy in the scene with *Venus* (Frau EGLI), who sang more than respectably but just fell short of fascination. As his case became more desperate, Herr BURRIAN's singing, as distinct from his action, improved steadily in dramatic power: and he was at his best in the Third Act, after the Evening Star, which had grown brighter and brighter at the prospect of being sung to by *Wolfram*, had modestly withdrawn.

Fräulein TEESINA as *Elisabeth* proved that her voice has

lost nothing of its unforced charm, her manner nothing of its sweet graciousness and dignity. Would that we had more of such Visits of *Elisabeth*, rarer than those of angels! House fuller (though still fasting) and a touch more appreciative. *Enfin*, a good week's work for a beginning.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Life of Frederick William Farrar, by REGINALD FARRAR (JAMES NISBET & Co.), is an interesting biography of a distinguished ecclesiastic who, when Canon of Westminster, was reckoned among the most popular of preachers. In his outspoken, manly character he somewhat resembled CHARLES KINGSLEY, though he could not be reckoned among the professors of muscular Christianity. As a parish clergyman, FARRAR was energetic and thorough; a lover of Art; indefatigable as author and lecturer at home, in Canada, and in the States. An *ultra* Liberal, almost Radical in politics, he owed his first preferment to the great Conservative minister DISRAELI, and for his subsequent promotion to the Deanery of Canterbury he was indebted to Lord ROSEBURY. Had Dean FARRAR been less courageously outspoken he would have been a Bishop. But his opinions were considered dangerous by "the safe side," and the Dean was no Dr. TRIMMER. The biography lacks an index of reference.

In English history, and in hearts of Englishmen all over the world, the New Forest lives by reason of two circumstances. One, the death of RUFUS; the other, the choice of



residence by SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, who for more than a generation has murmured in the glades round Malwood the impromptus with which, in ordered speech, he later delighted the House of Commons. Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON has written a book about *The New Forest* (METHUEN) which does justice to the alluring theme. Lightly sketching its history, he saunters around, pointing out its sylvan beauties and its points of historic interest. In both fields he has been helped by Mr. WALTER TYNDALE and Miss LUCY KEMP-WELCH, who between them contribute fifty-four charming sketches reproduced in colour. Most are charming enough to suggest framing. But it would be barbarous to divorce them from the text. My Baronite has the delight of knowing Beaulieu Abbey, which has for many years found a loving custodian in the father of our dear JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, Member for the New Forest division. Taking into account all the architectural treasures handed on to the twentieth century, Time has bestowed no more beautiful guerdon than Beaulieu. Of it and of other bits of the ancient forest Mr. HUTCHINSON chats in charming fashion. People who for divers reasons cannot visit the New Forest may, thanks to this beautiful volume, take patches of it home with them.

Of all the books of ready reference commend me to *Bartlett's Concordance to Shakespeare*, published by Messrs. MACMILLAN. Good and satisfactory as is the well-known compilation of CRUICKSHANK this American production of BARTLETT's is better, and far more satisfactory in its completeness. Frequently hath the Busy Baron, when improving the shining hour and gathering honey from every petal of the flowers of literature, to pause in order to verify some quotation, professedly Shakespearian; and to no better authority upon the subject can he turn than to this work of BARTLETT's, which was commenced in 1876 and brought out in 1891; its latest edition is dated 1894.

CLARK RUSSELL and JOSEPH CONRAD, A.B.'s both, write books relevant to the sea, vivid with its colour, whether sleeping in sunlight or raging in storm. They generally go down to the sea in ships bound south. In *The Way of the Sea* (HODDER

AND SPOUGHTON) Mr. NORMAN DUNCAN goes north and west to Newfoundland. Here is a sea of quite another sort, its dangers dared by men and boys of a race new to the British novel-reader. It is the first time my Baronite has come across work by this author. In descriptions of the North Atlantic surging round the rugged coast of Newfoundland, it is magnificent. In dealing with the fisher-folk there are frequent touches of humour and pathos. The chapter "Concerning Billy Luff" is a gem of purest ray serene.

The Poets' Corner, by MAX BEERDOHM, published by HEINEMANN, is an album of coloured caricatures of a daringly eccentric and utterly *bizarre* character, which, absurd as they are, must be as caviare to the general public unacquainted with the individuality of the more modern originals. Where SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, or BURNS is caricatured, the utter absurdity of the picture suffices for amusement. The entire collection will no doubt be laughingly and tolerantly appreciated by many kindred spirits among artists and literary men "in the know." It would have shown better taste on the part both of author-artist and his publisher had they decided to omit the silly nursery kind of caricature depicting TENNYSON reading "In Memoriam" to his sovereign. This is the blot on the scutcheon.



A FAULT OF COMMISSION.

"The odious practice of touting for orders in Society shows no decrease. Even young girls increase their pocket-money by 'recommending' certain firms to their friends."—*Evening Paper*.]

Though tactfully reluctant to employ the word "affection"

About her present feeling for the writer of the rhyme, Undoubtedly AMANDA shows a certain predilection

Which rather makes him fancy that the rest may come in time.

I'm bound to add, however,—and it nearly drives me frantic—

Whenever I attempt to give my aspiration wings,
And make my conversation sentimental or romantic,
She will insist on talking of the most prosaic things!

I spoke of lyric poetry; my words were not at all meant
To bear upon the topic which she strove to introduce—
The plain advisability of buying (by instalment)

A "Helicon"—the typewriter for every poet's use!"

"The fire of my emotion"—as I still submit, with deference—
Is not the sort of phrase which leaves you doubtful what it
At any rate, it need not have elicited a reference [means;
To Somebody's abominable "Putitout" machines!

Already I begin to feel a trifle apprehensive;

To be with her is pleasant, but I really wonder why
She always talks of bargains—which are far from inexpensive,
Which—here's the dreadful part of it!—she wishes me to buy.

She begs me, and of course I yield; she smiles—it's pleasant, very;

To gain her smile is worth, I know, a lot of sacrifice;
But why should it assume the form of writing off for sherry—
A rather common sherry, at a most uncommon price?

Perplexed why dear AMANDA should be bent on my undoing,
I come across this paragraph—and do not like its sound!

Well, either I must manage to accelerate my wooing—
Or pay a final dividend of sixpence in the pound!